

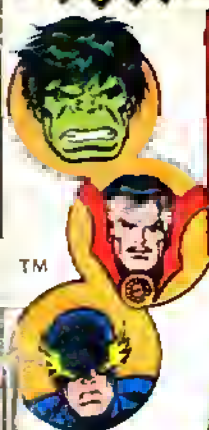
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# THE DEFENDERS



MAYBE YOUR  
MURDEROUS THORNS  
CAN STOP THE  
OTHER DEFENDERS,  
PLANT MAN!

BUT THERE'S  
NO WAY THEY'RE  
GONNA STOP  
**POWER  
MAN!!**



**EVIL  
IN  
BLOOM!**





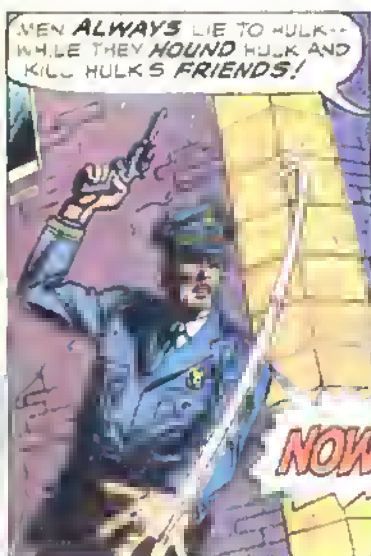
The mysterious DR. STRANGE! The vibrant VALKYRIE! The high-flying NIGHTHAWK! The incredible HULK! Evil-doers TREMBLE at the names—for these four form the crux of the greatest NON-TEAM in history, heroes called together only when the need arises—to battle MENACES that threaten the security—or the very LIFE—of the planet EARTH!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!**

STEVE GERBER WRITER    SAL BUSCEMA & KLAUS JANSON ARTISTS    RAY HOLLOWAY LETTERER    D. WARFIELD COLORIST    MARY WOLFFMAN EDITOR



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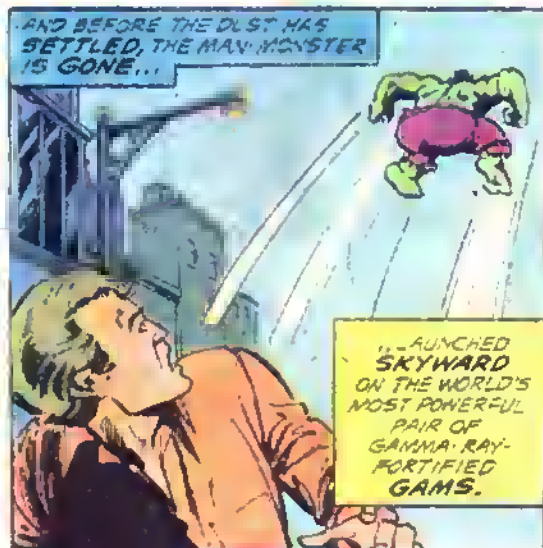
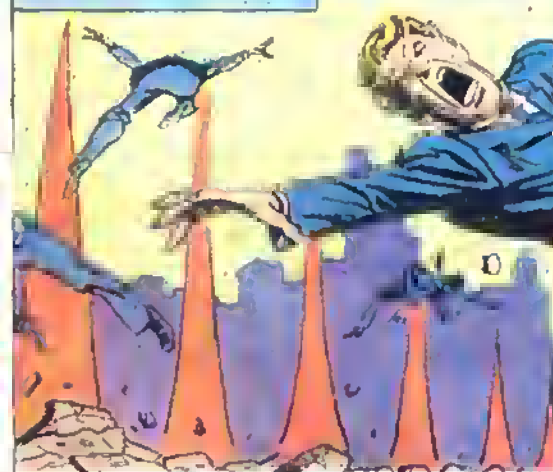
IN ALL FAIRNESS TO NEW YORK'S FINEST-- THIS ATTACK ISN'T EXACTLY UNPROVOKED. BARELY AN HOUR AGO \*, GREENSKIN TORE UP A SIZEABLE STRETCH OF NINTH AVENUE.



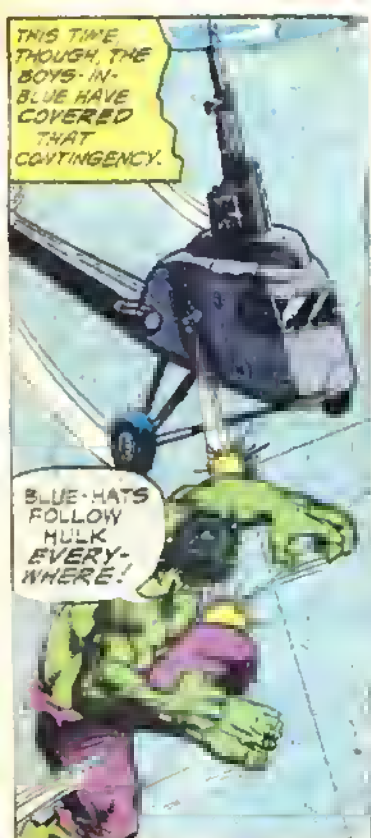
\*IN OMEGA THE UNKNOWN #2, \*MAYV.



THAT, AND THE SHOCKWAVES IT CREATES, ARE ALL THE JADE GIANT NEEDS TO DISPERSE HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS.

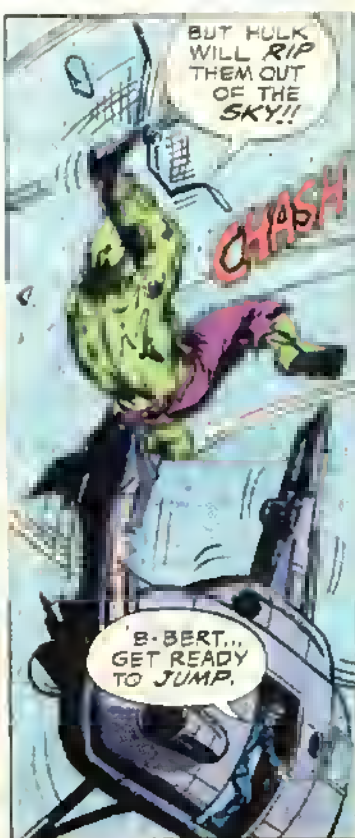






THIS TIME  
THOUGH, THE  
BOYS-IN-  
BLUE HAVE  
COVERED  
THAT  
CONTINGENCY.

BLUE-HATS  
FOLLOW  
HULK  
EVERY-  
WHERE!



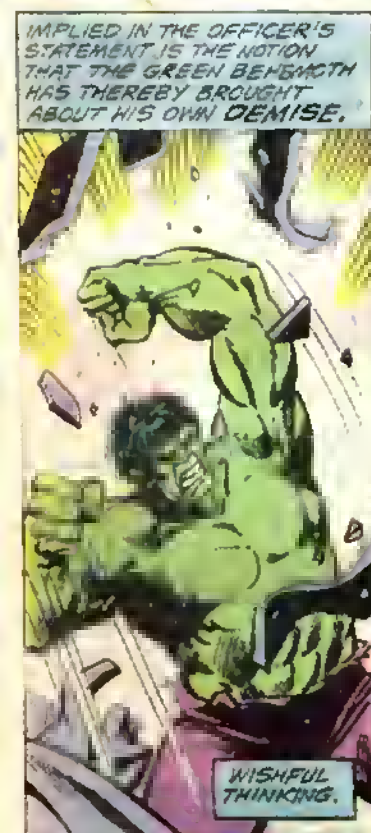
BUT HULK  
WILL RIP  
THEM OUT  
OF THE  
SKY!!

CRASH

B-BERT,  
GET READY  
TO JUMP.



CRIPES-- HE  
BROUGHT THE  
CHOPPER DOWN  
ON TOP OF  
WHEELY!



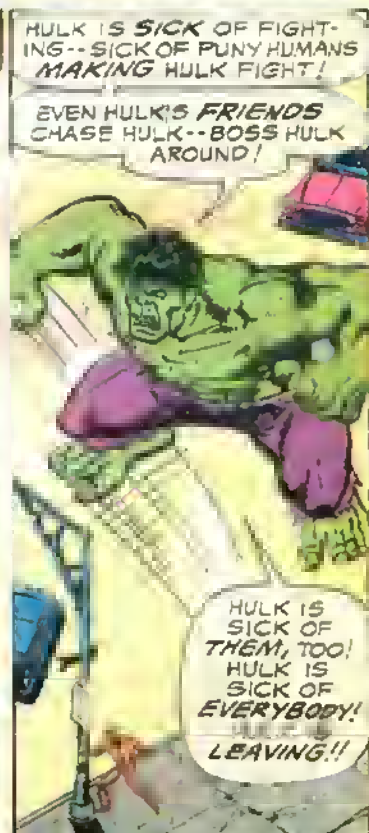
IMPLIED IN THE OFFICER'S  
STATEMENT IS THE NOTION  
THAT THE GREEN BEHEMOTH  
HAS THEREBY BROUGHT  
ABOUT HIS OWN DEMISE.

WISHFUL  
THINKING.



STILL, THEIR PERSISTENCE  
PAYS OFF IN AN IRONIC SORT  
OF WAY.

WHY DON'T  
BLUE-HATS  
STOP-- EVEN  
WHEN HULK  
SHOWS THEM  
HULK IS  
STRONGEST  
OF ALL?!



HULK IS SICK OF FIGHT-  
ING-- SICK OF PUNY HUMANS  
MAKING HULK FIGHT!

EVEN HULK'S FRIENDS  
CHASE HULK-- BOSS HULK  
AROUND!

HULK IS  
SICK OF  
THEM, TOO!  
HULK IS  
SICK OF  
EVERYBODY!  
LEAVING!!

AND IF YOU THINK THAT'S CONFUSING, FRIENDS, IMAGINE JACK NORRIS' PUZZLEMENT AT THE EMERGENCY CALL THAT SUMMONS THE POLICE AWAY FROM THIS CONFRONTATION.



BLAST! COULDN'T CATCH THE WHOLE MESSAGE -- JUST AN ADDRESS -- AND THE WORDS "RICHMOND ENTERPRISES".

"RICHMOND" AS IN "KYLE RICHMOND" -- NIGHTHAWK!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, KYLE'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE HOSPITAL -- GETTING HIS BRAIN PUT BACK IN HIS HEAD.



I CAN'T MAKE MAKE ANY SENSE OF THIS -- BUT MAYBE DOC STRANGE CAN!

AND SO, THE HUSBAND OF VALKYRIE HUSTLES OFF TOWARD THE GREENWICH VILLAGE SANCTUM OF THE SORCERER SUPREME -- UNAWARE THAT DR. STRANGE IS VERY MUCH A PART OF THE "SOMETHING" THAT'S "HAPPENED."



IN FACT, ALONG WITH THE SOVIET SUPERHEROINE KNOWN AS THE RED GUARDIAN -- HE'S WITH KYLE AT THIS VERY MOMENT.

IN THE NAME OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI -- LET THE VINES WHICH IMPRISON US BE SUNDERED!!



AND, INCIDENTALLY... HE'S EXPERIENCING DIFFICULTIES OF HIS OWN.

ONCE AGAIN... NOTHING!... MY SPELL... COMPLETELY INEFFECTUAL...!



HOW... CAN IT BE?... FOCUSED ALL MY ENERGIES... CONCENTRATION... YET...!

STEPHEN, YOU ARE EXHAUSTING YOURSELF, YOU MUSTN'T CONTINUE THIS!

LET ME HELP YOU--

NO! KYLE IS YOUR PATIENT, DR. BELINSKY-- NOT I, AND FOR HIS SAKE, I MUST PRESS ON.





ELSEWHERE--WE MAY NEVER LEARN WHY WE'VE BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE--OR EVEN WHERE OUR PRISON IS!

"YOU'RE SEEING THIS LIVE" SAYS THE TV NEWSMAN. "FROM PARK AVENUE AND 62ND STREET, WHERE THE PLANT-MAN IS HOLDING THREE HOSTAGES--

--INCLUDING AILING MILLIONAIRE, KYLE RICHMOND--FOR RANSOM.

"HIS PRICE FOR THEIR RELEASE IS A HEFTY TEN MILLION FROM THE COFFERS OF RICHMOND ENTERPRISES."

AND IF THAT PRICE ISN'T MET, HE THREATENS TO PARALYZE THE REST OF THE CITY AS HE HAS THIS INTERSECTION--

--AND THEN EXECUTE ALL THREE CAPTIVES.

HUH...?

THE COSTUMED MAN AND WOMAN WHO SHARE RICHMOND'S PRISON HAVE YET TO BE IDENTIFIED, BUT...

BUT JACK KNOWS WHO THEY ARE--OR THINKS HE KNOWS.

IT'S DOC-- AND VAL! IT HAS TO BE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

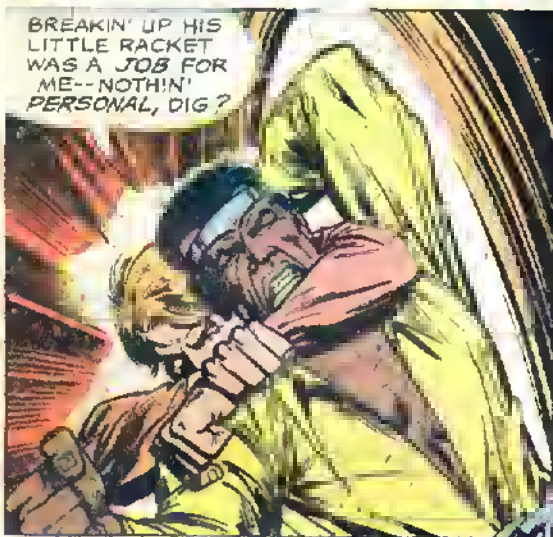
AND SINCE I CAN'T COME AROUND TO HELP ME--AND I COULDN'T TACKLE THAT PLANT-- CREEP ALONE--

"--I'LL JUST HAVE TO  
RING IN REINFORCE-  
MENTS!"

FORTY-SECOND STREET  
OFF TIMES SQUARE. A  
SEEDY OFFICE OVER THE  
GEM THEATRE...



BREAKIN' UP HIS  
LITTLE RACKET  
WAS A JOB FOR  
ME--NOTHIN'  
PERSONAL, DIG?



IT AIN'T MY FAULT  
THOSE RESTAURANT  
OWNERS FIGGERED  
THEY DIDN'T NEED  
PROTECTION--

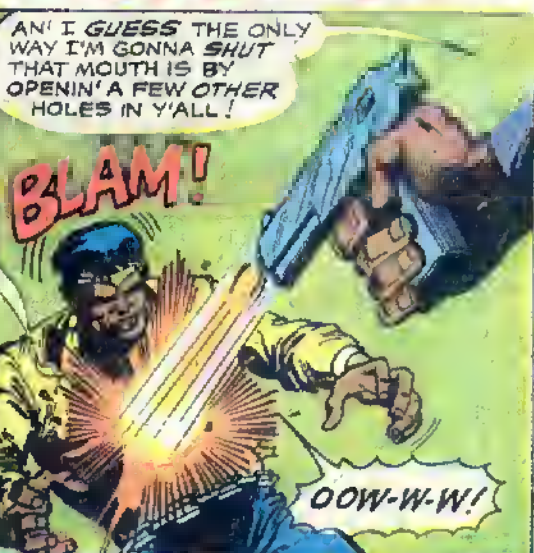


--YOUR BRAND, THAT IS. I MEAN,  
WHY BUY IT FROM A BUNCH O'  
TWO-TIME LOSERS WHEN  
THE CITY PROVIDES IT  
FOR FREE?

TOM, YOU  
TALK  
TOO MUCH!



AN' I GUESS THE ONLY  
WAY I'M GONNA SHUT  
THAT MOUTH IS BY  
OPENIN' A FEW OTHER  
HOLES IN Y'ALL!





"OWW?" WHAT'S WITH YOU, MAN? WHY DON' YOU FALL DOWN?!!

I PUMPED ENOUGH BULLETS INTO YA--



WRONG, BRO'-- THOSE LITTLE LEAD PEAS O'YOURS JUST BOUNCED OFF MY STEEL-TOUGH HIDE...



WHICH AIN'T I' SAY IT DIDN'T HURT SOME-- I MEAN, I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK I ENJOYED IT--!



THAT'D JUST TEMPT YA TA TRY IT AGAIN.

AN' SINCE I DON'T WANT THAT--NO WAY, NO HOW--



--YOU'RE GOIN' UP AGAINST THE WALL, PUNK!

NOW-- FORE I BREAK YOUR UGLY FACE-- LET'S YOU 'N' ME CHAT. SEE, I--

SUNUVAGUN. HE'S ALREADY OUT COLD.



SO MUCH FOR THE RAP SESSION.

MAY AS WELL JUST LET THE MATTER DROP..

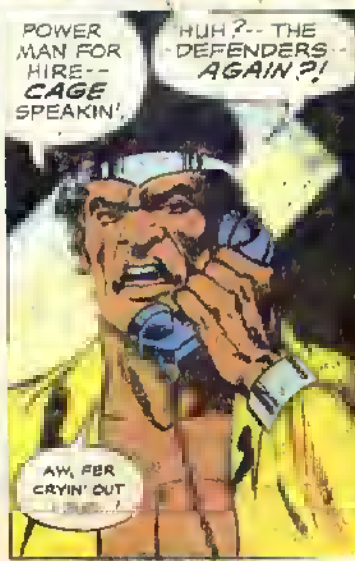


--AN' THANK THE BIG MAN UP THERE FOR PERSISTENT CUSTOMERS.



POWER MAN FOR HIRE-- CAGE SPEAKIN'.

HUH?-- THE DEFENDERS AGAIN?!



AW, FBR CRYIN' OUT



THE FORCES OF THE UNSEEN  
WORLDS HAVE NEVER FAILED  
ME BEFORE.

THERE IS NO REASON--  
MUNDANE OR METAPHYSICAL--  
THEY SHOULD ABANDON  
ME NOW.

MY MIND IS CLEAR...  
ONE WITH THE  
MYSTIC FORCES...  
ATTUNED TO THEIR  
VIBRATIONS...!

MY THOUGHTS,  
MY ENERGIES  
ARE IN PERFECT  
FOCUS...

BY THE ETERNAL  
VISHANTI!... BY  
OSHTUR...  
I SHALL  
BE FREE!!

IT WORKS THIS TIME--LEAV-  
ING THE MASTER MAGE AS  
PUZZLED AS HE IS RELI-  
EVED. BUT HE SETS BOTH  
EMOTIONS ASIDE FOR NOW,  
AND PEERS OUT THE APER-  
TURE HIS ENCHANTMENT  
HAS CREATED...

DEMONS  
OF  
DENAK!

TANIA, HOW IS  
NO, I CAN  
OBSERVE FOR  
MYSELF. KYLE  
IS REGAINING  
CONSCIOUS-  
NESS.

I THINK IT  
BEST WE  
SPARE  
HIM WHAT  
IS TO  
COME..

THEREFORE, LET HIM  
BEGONE-- AWAY TO THE  
SAFETY OF HIS HOSPITAL  
BED!

YOUR  
POWER  
SEEMS  
TO HAVE  
RETURNED,  
STEPHEN.

AND ITS EXTENT LEAVES  
ME BREATHLESS. HOW  
DO YOU ACCOMPLISH  
THESE FEATS?

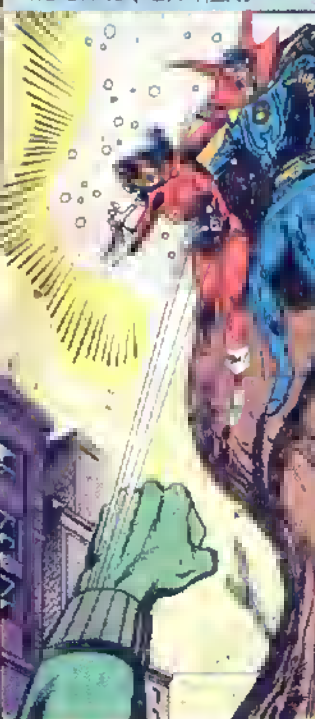
HOW CAN  
YOU  
POSSIBLY  
FLY  
UNAIDED?!

AH, BUT I  
CANNOT.  
MY CLOAK,  
YOU SEE--

ALL OF WHICH INTERESTS THE PLANTMAN  
NOT A WHIT. HIS CONCERN BEGINS AND  
ENDS WITH TWO WORDS:

THEY'VE  
ESCAPED!!

KYLE IS NOT WITH THEM, HE NOTES. STILL IN THE FOD, HE ASSUMES WRONGLY, HIS PLAN CAN STILL SUCCEED, HE ERRS FURTHER.



IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHY THOSE SPORES I'VE FIRED AT YOU SEEM HARMLESS-- IT'S 'CAUSE THEY ARE.

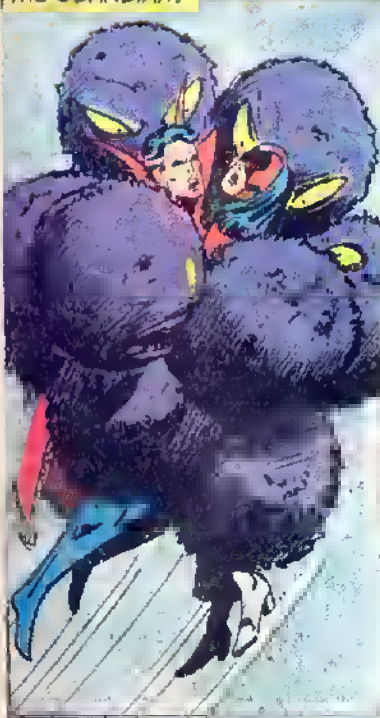
BUT DON'T FRET, FOLK.



"A SHOT FROM MY CHLORO-BLASTER WILL CHANGE ALL THAT!"

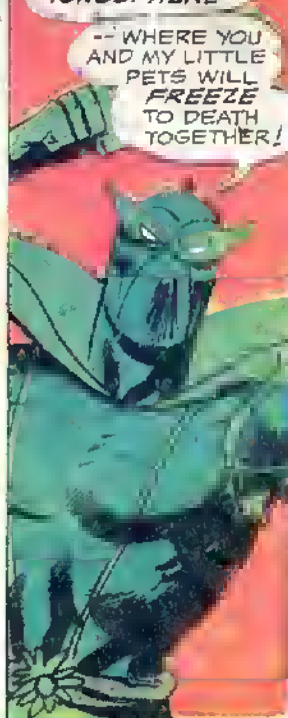


"MY SPECIALITY-- INSTANT MUTATIONS!" PLANTMAN SHOUTS FROM THE GROUND AS THEY CLUSTER ABOUT STRANGE AND THE GUARDIAN.



YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO THE STARS, MY FRIENDS-- OR AT LEAST THE IONOSPHERE--

-- WHERE YOU AND MY LITTLE PETS WILL FREEZE TO DEATH TOGETHER!



BON VOYA--AA--  
= AAAGH =





FLOWER-CHILD, YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT WE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE.

IT'S LIKE THIS--I'M IN BUSINESS, SEE? I GOTTA STAY BY THE PHONE TO EARN MY BREAD.

AN' NOW, 'CAUSE O' YOU, I'M OUT DOIN' CHARITY WORK AGAIN--

BLACK MAN, I DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE YAPPIN' ABOUT--

--BUT IMPRESSED, I'M NOT!

NO!

ON THE OTHER HAND--WITH DO-GOODERS CRAWLING OUT FROM UNDER EVERY LEAF-- MY LITTLE EXTORTION SCHEME MAY REQUIRE SOME REVISION.

KEEP RICHMOND! I'LL BE BACK--MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER-- WHEN THE MOMENT IS RIGHT!

YEAH... THAT'S WHAT ALL THE QUITTERS SAY!

UHH--NN

HERE, NORRIS--LEMME HELP YOU OUTTA THAT IMITATION BOA-CONSTRUCTOR. YOU OKAY?

"BUT, CAGE--WHAT ABOUT DOC--AND VAL?!"

AIR... ALREADY GETTING... THIN... BUT I'VE MANAGED... TO FREE MY... HANDS...

S-SURE... P-PEACHY-KEENO...

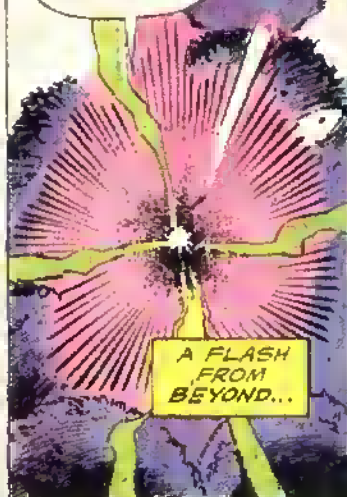
FOR WHAT, STEPHEN?... THE SPORES... TOO STRONG... AND TOO CLOSE... FOR YOUR ENERGY BOLTS...

I HAVE... OTHER METHODS...  
AT MY COMMAND, TANIA...



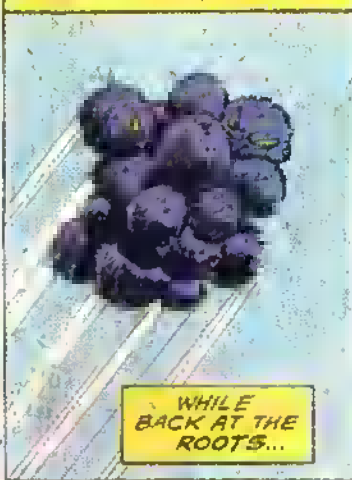
BE STILL...  
WHILE I CALL  
UPON THEM...

...TO SPIRIT  
US AWAY!



A FLASH  
FROM  
BEYOND...

...AND THE MUTANT SPORES  
CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY  
TO OBLIVION ALONE.



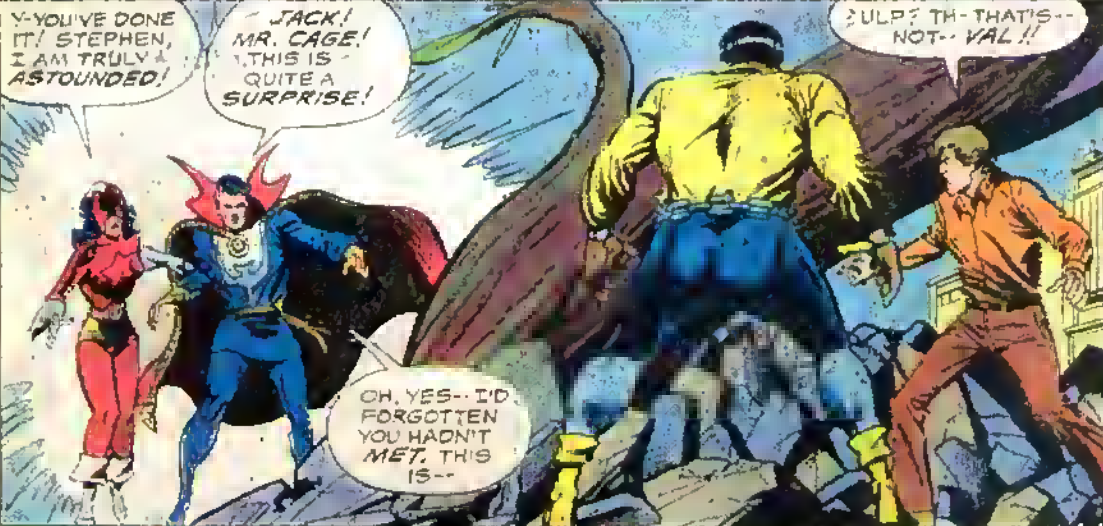
WHILE  
BACK AT THE  
ROOTS...

Y-YOU'VE DONE  
IT! STEPHEN,  
I AM TRULY  
ASTONDED!

JACK!  
MR. CAGE!  
THIS IS  
QUITE A  
SURPRISE!

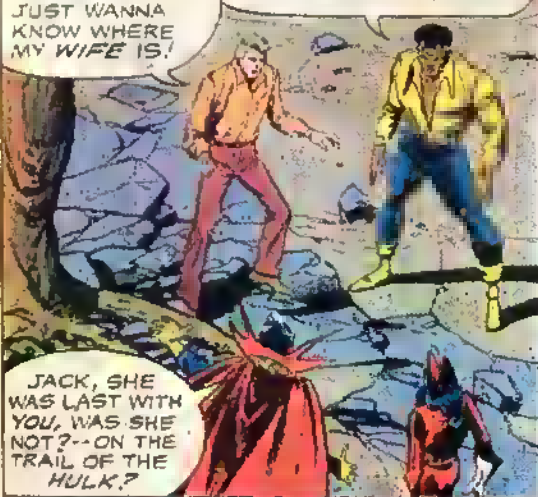
GULP? TH-THAT'S--  
NOT-- VAL!!

OH, YES-- I'D  
FORGOTTEN  
YOU HADN'T  
MET. THIS  
IS--



LOOK, SKIP THE  
AMENITIES. I  
JUST WANNA  
KNOW WHERE  
MY WIFE IS!

LOTTA HUSBANDS IN  
THAT SITUATION, MAN...



JACK, SHE  
WAS LAST WITH  
YOU, WAS SHE  
NOT?-- ON THE  
TRAIL OF THE  
HULK?

OH, YEAH, RIGHT-- A FEW CENTURIES AGO!  
BEFORE CHONDU ATTACKED US--

-- BEFORE HE  
CARRIED VAL  
OFF AND  
WOUNDED  
ARAGORN +  
-- BEFORE  
GREENSKIN  
LEAPED OFF  
IN A HUFF--

DOC, IF  
SHE'S NOT WITH  
ME, AND YOU  
HAVEN'T  
SEEN HER...



\*DEFENDERS # 35-- MARV.



"WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S  
VALKYRIE? WHERE'S... THE  
WOMAN I LOVE?!"

C'MON, SWEET-  
CHEEKS-- RISE  
'N' SHINE! IT'S  
CHOW TIME!



HEY-- DIDYA HEAR  
ME? GET UP! THIS  
AIN'T THE RITZ!  
YA CAN'T GET  
ROOM SERVICE!

WHA--?

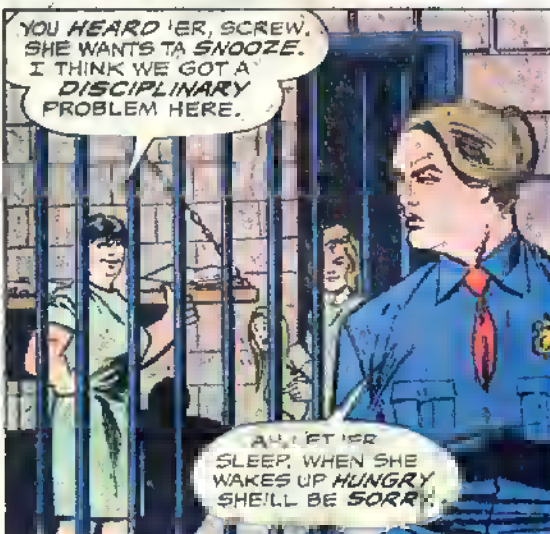


THAT'S BETTER. NOW, ON  
YER FEET! YOU DON'T  
WANNA MISS SUPPER.

PLEASE...  
I REQUIRE  
SLEEP,  
NOT FOOD...  
FOR THE  
PRESENT...



YOU HEARD 'ER, SCREW.  
SHE WANTS TA SNOOZE.  
I THINK WE GOT A  
DISCIPLINARY  
PROBLEM HERE.



AH! LET 'ER  
SLEEP. WHEN SHE  
WAKES UP HUNGRY  
SHE'LL BE SORRY.

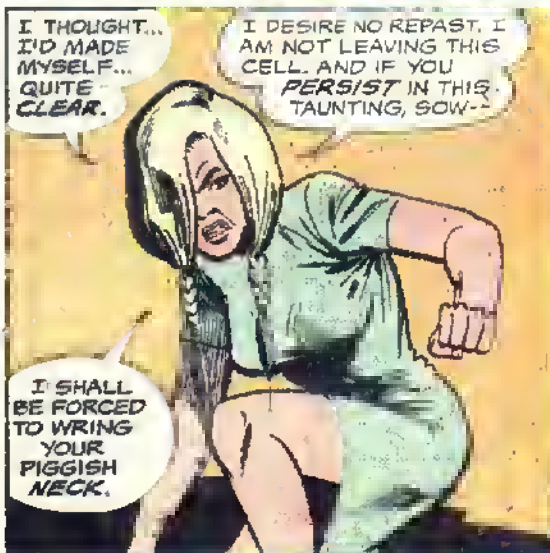
C'MON, DON'T  
BE SO ROUGH  
ON 'ER.  
SHE'S  
NEW.



SHE  
DESERVES  
A SECOND  
CHANCE. C'MON,  
BLONDIE--  
OUTTA THE  
SACK!

I THOUGHT...  
I'D MADE  
MYSELF...  
QUITE  
CLEAR.

I DESIRE NO REPAST. I  
AM NOT LEAVING THIS  
CELL. AND IF YOU  
PERSIST IN THIS  
TAUNTING, SOW--



I SHALL  
BE FORCED  
TO WRING  
YOUR  
PIGGISH  
NECK.

AT THAT, THE LARGE WOMAN BURSTS OUT  
LAUGHING... WHILE VAL, BY FAR HER BETTER  
IN STRENGTH, MUST SIT TREMBLING.

JAILED FOR WRECKING A RESTAURANT  
IN HER STRUGGLE WITH CHONDU, THE  
WARRIOR-WOMAN IS LEFT WITH NO  
CHOICE BUT TO CONTAIN HER  
MOUNTING RAGE.



FOR THE MAGIC  
WHICH IMBUED  
HER WITH  
SUPERHUMAN  
STRENGTH...  
PROHIBITS  
ITS USE  
AGAINST  
WOMEN!



ELSEWHERE...  
OKAY, SO  
I WAS  
WRONG.

I CAN'T  
HACK IT AS  
A SOLO.

THE HEROES  
START TURNIN'  
OUT IN  
REGIMENTS--



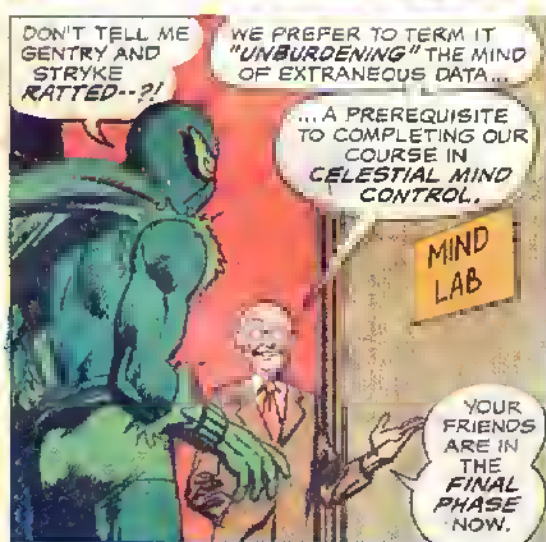
--AN' I GET THE  
JITTERS! I'M  
TOO USED TA--

NO NEED  
TO RING THE  
BELL, MR.  
SMITHERS.  
WE'VE BEEN  
EXPECTING  
YOU. ENTREZ  
--BOZO!



WAITAMINIT! LAST  
TIME I WAS HERE\*  
--I CAME IN CIVVIES!  
HOW'D YOU KNOW--?

\*LAST ISH--  
M.W.



DON'T TELL ME  
GENTRY AND  
STRYKE  
RATTED--?!

WE PREFER TO TERM IT  
"UNBURDENING" THE MIND  
OF EXTRANEUS DATA...

... A PREREQUISITE  
TO COMPLETING OUR  
COURSE IN  
CELESTIAL MIND  
CONTROL.

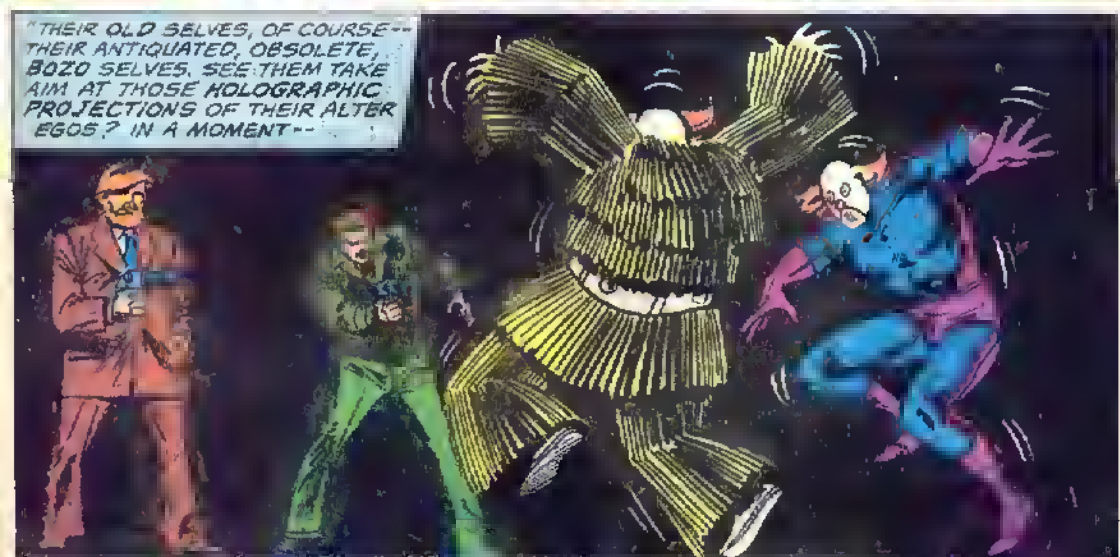
MIND  
LAB

YOUR  
FRIENDS  
ARE IN  
THE  
FINAL  
PHASE  
NOW.



FOLLOW ME, SAM SMITHERS--  
AND OBSERVE FOR YOURSELF  
THEIR DRAMATIC  
PROGRESS.

THEY'RE ABOUT  
TO DESTROY  
THEMSELVES.



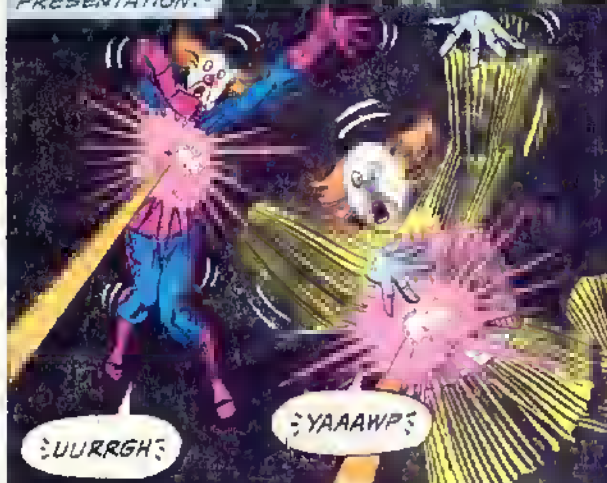
THEIR OLD SELVES, OF COURSE--  
THEIR ANTIQUATED, OBSOLETE,  
BOZO SELVES. SEE THEM TAKE  
AIM AT THOSE HOLOGRAPHIC  
PROJECTIONS OF THEIR ALTER  
EGOS? IN A MOMENT--



"...THEY WILL FIRE, WE CALL THE PROCESS SELF-ASSASSINATION!"

"THE SUBJECT WATCHES HIS OLD, INEFFECTIVE PERSONA DIE STUPIDLY IN A PRE-PROGRAMMED PRESENTATION."

"THE THEORY IS QUITE SIMPLE, ACTUALLY."



"UURRGH"

"YAAAWP"

"HE THUS ACHIEVES A SENSE OF WELL-BEING--A NEW ASSURANCE IN HIS NEW COMPETENCE."

"OBSERVE YOUR FRIENDS' FACES."

PERHAPS AFTER TODAY'S ABORTIVE ENTERPRISE, YOU--

FORGET IT, FOUR-EYES!

WAIT--!

AND LET YOU WORM YOUR WAY INTO MY MIND? UH-UH!

I SEE IN THAT CASE--

"I SHALL HAVE TO STATE MY POSITION MY FORCEFULLY!"

WE'VE MUCH TO OFFER ONE ANOTHER, PLANTMAN.

I ALSO WISH TO SEE THE DEFENDERS WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THIS PLANET...

...BUT DISCREETLY. NONE MUST KNOW IT WAS NEBULON WHO DID THE DEED!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, THE DEFENDERS INDULGE IN WHAT SEEMS ALMOST ...A HAPPY ENDING.

-- VAL'S DISAPPEARANCE, BUT I'M CERTAIN WE'D HAVE HEARD BY NOW, WERE THAT CAUSE FOR DEEP CONCERN.

ERGO--

WE GET TO BREATHE EASY FOR TWO CONSECUTIVE SECONDS, HUH? NICE TO HEAR IT.

UH, LISSSEN... I DON'T WANNA BE THE KILL JOY IN THE CROWD, AN' I DUG ON WORKIN' WITH Y'ALL BEFORE,\* BUT...

YES, MR. CAGE?

\*DEFENDERS 19, 24, & 25--M.

BUT HEROIN' AIN'T MY HOBBY, DOC. I DO THIS FOR A LIVIN'. I DON'T MIND PULLIN' YA OUT OF A PINCH NOW 'N' THEN....

BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TA...

YOU EXPECT REMUNERATION FOR AIDING YOUR FELLOW MAN?! I AM REVOLTED!

AS THE RED GUARDIAN, I AM AN OUT-CAST OF THE STATE, YET--

LADY... I HAD MY HASSLE WITH "THE STATE," TOO....!

ENOUGH! CAN THE IDEOLOGICAL DEBATE, WILL YA? IF YOU CAN'T WORK FOR FREE, CAGE-- SUPPOSE I PUT YOU ON A RETAINER?!

I'M RICH, REMEMBER?

AN EXCELLENT IDEA, KYLE! A FEE TO INSURE MR. CAGE'S AVAILABILITY WHEN WE REQUIRE HIS SERVICES!

FINE BY ME-- IF THE NUMBERS ARE RIGHT.

NOW... NOT TO BE RUDE... BUT WILL ALL OF YOU-- EXCEPT DOC-- PLEASE CLEAR OUTTA HERE.

...AND I REALLY DON'T THINK THE REST OF YOU... COULD UNDERSTAND.

I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS ON MY MIND...

GOOD.



PUZZLED, EGOS SLIGHTLY  
BRUISED, THE OTHERS  
SHUFFLE OUT, AND  
WHEN THEY'VE  
GONE...

DOC... WHEN YOU **SPEAK**, ARE YOU AWARE OF WHAT  
OF YOUR **TONGUE**? I MEAN... **SO** AWARE OF WHAT  
IT'S DOING, HOW IT **MOVES**... THAT IT ALMOST  
**PARALYZES** YOUR VOICE.

NO... NO, I'M NOT.  
WHY DO YOU ASK?

DOC... ALL THE  
TIME MY BRAIN  
WAS DETACHED  
FROM MY BODY...  
I WAS  
**CONSCIOUS**,  
SORT OF...

I COULDN'T **REALLY** SEE OR  
HEAR OR FEEL... BUT I  
THOUGHT I COULD...

KYLE... "REALITY" IS A  
SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT  
CONSTRUCT FOR **EVERY**  
HUMAN BEING. YOU ARE  
BACK IN THE WORLD YOU  
KNEW. AND YET, YOU ARE  
**NOT**.

YOUR EXPERIENCE  
HAS ALTERED YOU...  
AND THUS, YOUR  
PERCEPTION  
OF REALITY,

AM I  
MAKING MYSELF  
SUFFICIENTLY  
**AMBIGUOUS**?

YOU WEREN'T  
--TIL YOU ASKED  
THAT QUESTION.  
THANKS, DOC...

...ONLY NONE OF IT WAS  
**REAL**, AND, DOC, NOW I  
DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS  
**REAL**, OR--HELP ME!!

THERE'S MUCH YOU STAND TO **LEARN**  
FROM THIS EXPERIENCE, KYLE... AND  
YET, YOU MUSTN'T **DWELL** UPON IT.

LET IT TEACH YOU. IT  
WILL... IF YOU'RE  
**RECEPTIVE** TO  
ITS REVELATIONS.

WE'LL  
DISCUSS IT  
FURTHER  
IN THE  
**MORNINGS**.

SO, OUR ABRASIVE YOUNG  
TYCOON HAS UNCOVERED  
HIS LONG-BURIED  
**SPIRITUAL** SIDE.

IT SHOULD  
BE **MOST**  
INTERESTING  
TO SEE DOWN  
WHICH NEW  
**PATHS** THIS  
SIDE LEADS  
HIM.

HIS OPTIONS ARE INFINITE... NEW AWARENESSES, EXPANDED PERCEPTIONS... OR RETREAT BACK TO MATERIALITY, DENIAL OF--

-- EH? THAT ODOR! EYES WATERING...!

SOME SORT OF NERVE-DEADENING GAS. CAN A TANK OF ANESTHETIC HAVE BURST, OR--?

EYES OF OSHTUR!!

NEITHER VILLAIN'S FACE IS VISIBLE, BUT DR. STRANGE CAN FEEL THEIR SMUG, SELF-SATISFIED SMIRKS AS HIS THOUGHTS GO HAZY, HIS EYES MISTY, HIS KNEES WEAK.

HE CANNOT FATHOM THE MOTIVE FOR THE ATTACK... DOES NOT EVEN KNOW THE NAMES OF HIS ASSAILANTS... BUT HE SUCCUMBS JUST THE SAME.

EXI

CAN'T FIGURE WHY SAM HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH THESE NOBODIES.

HIS CHILDISH NEED TO MAKE A SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF, TO FLAUNT HIS POWER RATHER THAN EMPLOY IT JUDICIOUSLY FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT-- THAT'S WHY.

WE'RE HIS BETTERS NOW, YOU AND I-- THE BEL AND THE PORCUPINE!

NEXT  
NEBULON SENDS DOC STRANGE, THE RED GUARDIAN, AND POWER MAN ON AN

EXILE TO OBLIVION!